

T vs CT: Dust2

by Shadow's Forge

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Summary: Based in the CounterStrike 1.6 universe. A wacky tale involving a day with the players of the eminent NCSU servers. Note: Hackers are definitely not welcome

1. NOTES

NOTES:

This is a story based upon the 1.6 Counter-Strike modification of the popular game Half-Life. This story takes place in a realistic environment--virtual reality, if you will--where no one "dies".

The characters in this story are all real-life Counter-Strike 1.6 players.

If you are interested in becoming part of the NCSU community, visit [**ncsu.net**](http://ncsu.net) (Where commas are dots)

2. The Cast

****_T vs. CT: DUST2_****

By

Gregory P. Wong

* * *

><p>Pre-game

* * *

>The map is now dedust2 <p>>Caboose has joined the Game
>>Caboose is joining the Terrorist force

>>Smoke has joined the Game
> >>Smoke is joining the Counter-Terrorist force<p>

>>Sceadu has joined the Game
> >>Sceadu is joining the Terrorist force<p>

>>2K!NG5 Bob Long has joined the Game
> >>2K!NG5 Bob Long is joining the Counter-Terrorist force<p>

>>Solza has joined the Game
> >>Solza is joining the Terrorist force<p>

>>2K!NG5 Jmartini (jb) has joined the Game
> >>2K!NG5 Jmartini (jb) is joining the Counter-Terrorist force<p>

>>UCDChairman Mao has joined the Game
> >>UCDChairman Mao is joining the Terrorist force<p>

>>PheerMee has joined the Game

>>Pheermee is joining the Counter-Terrorist force

>>UCDChurchill has joined the Game
> >>UCDChurchill is joining the Terrorist force<p>

>>Rudy has joined the Game
> >>Rudy is joining the Counter-Terrorist force<p>

>>Rock out with your cock out has joined the Game
> >>Rock out with your cock out is joining the Terrorist force<p>

>>Metalslug has joined the Game
> >>Metalslug is joining the Counter-Terrorist force<p>

>>MasterShafter has joined the Game
> >>MasterShafter is joining the Terrorist force<p>

>>Quiksilver has joined the Game
> >>Quiksilver is joining the Counter-Terrorist force<p>

>>Chief Justice U of M has joined the Game
> >>Chief Justice U of M is joining the Terrorist force<p>

>>2K!NG5 Bush 3'sBlackPeople has joined the Game
> >>2K!NG5 Bush 3'sBlackPeople is joining the Counter-Terrorist force<p>

>>StreetSoldier has joined the Game
> >>StreetSoldier is joining the Terrorist force<p>

>>Incognito has joined the Game

> >>Incognito is joining the Counter-Terrorist force<p>

>>Macdoogle has joined the Game
> >>MacDoogle is joining the Terrorist force<p>

>>2K!NG5 DC has joined the Game
> >>2K!NG5 DC is joining the Counter-Terrorist force<p>

>>B!zzly has joined the Game
> >>B!zzly is joining the Terrorist force<p>

>>Bar-Leby has joined the Game
> >>Bar-Leby is joining the Counter-Terrorist force<p>

>>Nox has joined the Game
> >>Nox is joining the Terrorist force<p>

>>Little Billy has joined the Game
> >>Little Billy is joining the Counter-Terrorist force<p>

>>JDickSSu has joined the Game
> >>JDickSSu is joining the Terrorist force<p>

>>the Brave lil Toaster has joined the Game
> >>the Brave lil Toaster is joining the Counter-Terrorist force<p>

GAME COMMENCING!

3. The Teams

TERRORIST FORCE

Caboose

> Scedu
 Solza
> UCDChairman Mao
 UCDChurchill
> Rock out with your cock out
 MasterShafter
> Chief Justice U of M
 StreetSoldier
> Macdoogle
 B!zzly
> Nox
 JDickSSu

COUNTER-TERRORIST

Smoke

> 2K!NG5 Bob Long
 2K!NG5 jmartini (jb)
> PheerMee
 Rudy
> Metalslug
 Quiksilver
> 2K!NG5 Bush 3'sBlackPeople
 Incognito
> 2K!NG5 DC
 Bar-Leby
> Little Billy
 the Brave lil Toaster

4. Briefing

T vs. CT: DUST2

By

Gregory P. Wong

* * *

><p>Briefing

* * *

>Counter-Terrorists

"Billy you're such a shield whore," noted Metalslug. "Seriously, try a frigging assault rifle for once. I mean 'Ooh, I have a slab of metal in front of me! Now I'll be brave!' is so damned annoying it's stupid."

"Fuck you," grunted Billy. "People with shield skills are treasured in these situations."

"What? Because Iâ€"

"Oh, shut _up_ both of you," snapped Smoke. "Let Billy use whatever he wants. Hell, I could go after you for being such a UMP bastard."

Metalslug and Billy clopped their jaws shut, since they knew Smoke could frag their asses so fast it would flat out amaze them. Then again...

"Screw you, Smoke," said Slug, then laughed to show he was joking. "Besides, what can you do? Friendly Fire is off."

Smoke just shrugged. Sure, friendly fire was off, but he was 1337 Cal... he'd figure a way around it if they pissed him off. Hee hee hee.

The four 2Kings made their preparations as well. DC and Bush loaded out with M4s and full BDU armor, while JB purchased a Steyr AUG. Bob Long just bought...

"Bob, what the fuck man. We want to win, remember?"

"Yeah, win," Bob said with a reasonably freaky grin. He looked semi, uh, stoned. That had to be it, right? No sane person would use \$9000 on only an IMI Desert Eagle and kevlar. "Winning... yeah. Mao's ass belongs on my knife."

JB blinked. Oh shit, Bob was in his I-Must-Destroy-Mao mode again. Jesus Christ.

The other 2Kings shrugged.

Not surprisingly, PheerMee bought a...

"Hah hah, that French piece of crap again," snickered Toaster.

"Which I own with," rumbled the massive SAS skin. "Wanna transfer to T and meet me at your spawn?"

Toaster just grinned. In realityâ€”or game reality, whatever. Mehâ€”Pheer could, simply put, pwn with that gun. It was the burst fire setting. Supposedly it was more accurate or something. Whatever. Toaster was gonna be sticking with the American shit, thank you very much.

Rudy yanked back the charging lever on his MP5. He was thinking that he should get a M4â€”9mm versus 7.62 was a bad dealâ€”but he wanted Mao's AK-47, since the chances of Mao getting an AK was the same as Caboose saying "lol" in his Admin Messages. Which meant for sure. Oh yeah.

Bar-Leby quietly hefted his M4.

Incognito and Silver finished up getting scouts. Their asses were dead, since they were facing off against Churchill, but they didn't care. Maybe the fat lady would sing. Or gargle. Whatever. There were always other Ts to kill, anyway.

"All right boys, I want us to spread out around Bomb A. If they go to B, we'll go through tunnel and kill them from there," ordered Smoke.

There was a mutter of general assent. Smoke was boss of these clowns, after all.

Three seconds left...

* * *

>Terrorists

"Galil, Galil, Galil," said Caboose with a grin. He always got that gun. Spray'n'pray was the name of the game with it. Mad Caboose rushes worked, too. Stupidly suicidal things had a tendency to do that. Or it could end with his ass getting pocked with bullet holes. At least Chief did the same thing. Of course, Chief had a tendency to kill lots of people with the .308 weapon consistently. Macdoogle also bought a Galil.

"I'm gonna fuck up some CT faces," said Chief with a grin. "Ooh, yes, I want their sweet meat to come into view..."

Macdoogle just stared at Chief. That sounded so gay, and coming from a guy who went by the name "Chief Justice". Ha ha ha. But he was freakin' good with the galil, so he could be a little nuts.

Sceadu, Solza, Mao, and Nox all took up AK-47s. Mao was smiling inwardly. Solza was on his team. Solza was god. God would smite down upon the CTs with great vengeance and furious anger all those those would shoot and/or nade his brothers. And the CTs would know his name was SOLZA when he laid his vengeance upon them. Or something to that effect.

Everyone else got their SIG 552s ready. All except for Churchill. Steyr 7.62 NATO Scout for him... and he accepted no substitutes. Okay, okay an AWM would rule, but since Caboose had told Habib the Gun Seller to not give them out, the scout would be the best he got. At least Caboose had been smart enough to also ban the

"auto-snipers" since those were total nub weapons, ranked up their with the XM1014 and riot shield. Oh damn. Little Billy was on CT. Uh oh.

Mao readjusted his official L337 ARTIC AVENGER sunglasses and clicked on his team radio. "Guys, follow me down Long A. We can hit the ammunition dumps at A. And give me the bomb! I'll do either the silent plant or the pit-watch plant. Or ooh, ooh! The _invisible plant_!"

Everyone looked at Mao and grinned patronizingly. The idiot always led a charge and died. Nox sighed. Silly Mao would never learn, would he? No one followed him. He would just get pwned like nothing else.

"Uh, okay Mao, you do that, said Solza with a shrug. "We're heading for the munitions at Bomb B. It's the easiest to get to, and it's the hardest for the CTs to get into once we set up shop. Lessee... Nox, Sceadu and Bizzly will go through center doors and meet us up at B. The rest of us will go straight through tunnel. Except for Church." Churchill nodded. "He'll clear a path for the three rushing DDs."

Churchill grunted assent.

"And Church? Please come help us out at the end? It's fun to hang back and all and 'snipe their penises off', but every deagle helps guarding the bomb.

Yeah, yeah. Go ahead and die, you poontangs. I'm gonna get a good kill ratio today, thought Churchill.

"Yeah, sure," lied the sniper with a shrug.

"All right team, lock and load" intoned Caboose.

5. Round One!

T vs. CT: DUST2

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* * *

><p>ROUND ONE

* * *

>Terrorists

Yee-hah! Time to move! Mao charged forward, his knife drawn. He had modded his knife and electro-genetic structure so his knife took the form of totally badass Wolverine claws. His AK could wait. This was gonna be great. His team would give him back up as he raped their asses with his totally leet AK-47.

"Uh oh, there goes our poor Mao," sighed MasterShafter. "Metalslug is

going to shank his ass off. Or maybe he'll be saved the humiliation and just get shot in the back. Orâ€œ"

"Storm the front, boys!" yelled Solza. There was a chorus of "Rogers!" as the heavily armed terrorist teams took off for their designated routes. Nox, Scedu and Bizzly ran for the double doors at the end of the deep ramp that led to CT homespawn. Bizzly, in the lead with a SIG 552, was through the doors first.

He knew there was no one there andâ€œ"

_Buhbuhbuhbuhbuhbuhbuh_â€œ"

* * *

>Counter-Terrorists

Metalslug hastily shifted aim as the first Phoenix terrorist went down. Maybe he had enough time to mow down the others...

Meanwhile, Smoke beckoned the other CTs to hold their position at Long and Short A routes. The idiots wouldn't get crap past him and his team. He took a look around. Damn. Stupid Metalslug had left the team. Oh well, his funeral. The 2kings, Rudy, and Incognito were holding Long A while the rest of them hovered on top of A and Short. No way was A being bombed...

* * *

>Terrorists

SHIT! Some CT with a UMP had just blown off Bizzly's head. Nox cursed again and shifted aim to the right as he leaped past the doors. In the air, he didn't have accuracy worth a rat's ass, but if he could just get enough time too...

Buhbuhbuhbuhbuhbuhclickclickclickclick..

The reports of a submachine gun turned to dry clicks as the magazine ran dry.

But not before Nox also went to the Dead Zone as the bullets pounded into his body.

"Damn!" snarled Scedu as he wheeled around. He aligned the muzzle of his AK and punched 7.62mm slugs into the CT's chest. Dammit, two down already! Oh well, it looked like his team hadn't been fired upon in the tunnel... so it wouldn't be all that bad. He rushed to meet up with Solza and the main force. He took a look at CT homespawn. Weird... no one home. And he couldn't see anyone by A either...
Hmm...

Maybe he should take a look. Solza and the others wouldn't have problems. Scedu ran off for a peek at Bomb A.

At the same time, Mao, who hadn't looked behind him or checked his wristwatch radar, was madly rushing Long A. Omigod, it was gonna be a fugging bloodbath! All those heads waiting to be popped and... oh yeah.

The arch to exit Long A pass was coming up... ooh yeah. Mao drew his AK from his back and turned to the right of the exit. Whoa! CT alert! Whole shitload of them too! He stopped, tapped out a double-burst from his weapon, and scrambled for cover behind the box that stood right in front of Long A exit. Phew. He took a peek. One CT was down with a good part of his head missing, but there were at least four more behind the corpse. Now time for the team to take some heat off and... huh?

What the shit? Where were they?

Click click click click.

Watdafreak?

Four little cylindrical thingies bounced onto the ground no more than three feet from him. They were gray and had little red stripes on them. Hmm. One said "From Turkey Bacon with love!"

Then below that it said... High Explosive Device.

Oh fucking shiâ€

* * *

>Counter-Terrorists

Ouchies. Rudy didn't envy the Avenger terrorist who had just gotten splattered all over Long A. That was a lot of explosives on one spot. Well, at least DC had been avenged. The poor GIGN had had his face carved out by bullets. Hmm... Better take a look around the exit to make sure no more Ts popped out

Rudy ran forward and assumed a shooting crouch as he got to the exit. Huh? Weird. No one followed the Avenger guy. Hmm...

Rudy looked behind him. The terroristâ€well, what _had_ been a T, since he looked like canned dogfood nowâ€had been carrying an AK... and that was it. Maybe...

He looked at the ID patch on the tattered jacket. It couldn't be...

UCDChairman Mao? No way! Rudy trembled a bit as he bent down and picked up the AK-47 of the Chairman.

Holy crap, thought Rudy, _Mao's AK. I feel the POWER_!

"Uh, Rudy?" Rudy heard someone say behind him.

Huh... "What?"

"Quit spazzing out over the AK and move your ass. Smoke said to go through their spawn and head for B."

"Oh, roger that."

"Go, go, go!"

While the five remaining Long A teammates moved off, Smoke scratched his head. From their ambush positions, his CTs sure as hell had to see the lone Leet Krew running towards them like a total idiot. But just to be sure...

"Enemy spotted," he whispered into his radio.

"Roger that! Go, go, go!" he heard Toaster bellow out over the communications net.

Ah, fuâ€

"Negative! Negative! Hold your position!" he screamed. Dear Lord, if Toaster screwed this over...

He almost slapped his forehead when he heard Brave lil Toaster bawl at the top of his lungs and rush the Krew from his hiding spot near the box-crevice at spawn. Whoever it was, he had good reactions. The Krew spun and punctured Toaster's throat with a trio of shots. Hot damn.

Smoke got out from cover and tapped out shots at the Krew. The terrorist moved to the right, out of range. Damn, he was sure he'd gotten a solid hit...

Billy and Bar also broke cover and advanced down. Bar was glad that Billy was in the lead. Shields were good diversions. He could so get a kill if Little Billy could draw out the Krew that had toasted Toaster.

Bar followed the shield-man down into CT homespawn. Where could theâ€

He heard a rustle. Ohâ€

Little Billy jumped as he heard automatic AK fire sound off to his right. Vaguely he saw Bar clutch at his innards as the other CT toppled to the floor. Crapcrapcrap.

Billy brought up his shield and was saved as bullets ricocheted off the steel plate. The Krew that had been camping in the back right corner of spawn jumped up from his crouch and started running at him. Oh crap, the T would be able to flank him and shoot his back. Damn fucking shield was so heavy and fat andâ€

Crack! The Krew stumbled back, blood splattering into the air. Then the terrorist dropped to his knees and fell forward. Holy crap, there was a fist-sized exit wound in that guy.

Oh jeez, thank bob for snipers with scouts.

Behind the suddenly relieved Billy, Smoke groaned. That had almost turned into a disaster. Damn. Oh, well, it could have been frigging worse. Four CTs were down, versus four Ts dead. They could do this.

His wrist PDA beeped. "The bomb has been planted!" blipped the device

Craaaaap.

"Team, scratch the original plan. We're going to assault double doors at B. The 2Kings group will handle the tunnel. Go, go, go!"

* * *

>Dead Zone

"My team's gay," complained Mao. "I told 'em to rush Long A, but noooo, my ass was all alone. That's so not funny."

He and seven others floated above the battlefield, watching the collection of characters running this way and that. Glowing text floating above their heads showed their names.

"Hah hah Mao," laughed DC. "You deserved that, you SOB. You shot me in the face."

Mao just shook his head and watched the galumphing fighters below him.

"Jesus. Rudy looks like he's going to wet himself," Mao said to himself. Jeez, "Balderdash" was always looked to own him, but damn, stealing his magical AK too? What the hell?

Bar-Leby looked at Sceadu in annoyance. "Hey, man, there was a shield guy in front of me. Why shoot at me?"

Sceadu grinned. "Heh man. It's all tactics. I was going to try to shoot you both in the back as you ran past my spot, but I fucked it up. Damn Billy and his gay-ass shield."

"Uh... I saw what happened Sceadu. Quiksilver shot you, not Billy," put in Nox. "You got sniped."

Sceadu just let out a sigh of exasperation. "I hate snipers."

"You have one of the better server ones on your team, so shutdafugup."

"Fuck you, Nox. You're next on my shitlist." Sceadu gave a laugh to show he was joking.

"Yeah. Heh. Do your worst 'Seadoo'."

They laughed and watched the rest of the round unfold.

* * *

>Terrorists

"Dum de dum de dum," hummed Churchill. Hmm... the scout was getting heavy. Shift a bit and... dum de dum de dum. He was back watching the double doors from spawn just like little ole Solza had told him to. But he wasn't coming back to B anytime soon. Screw those guys. Let them all die and whatever, and he could clean up or pull off one of those amazing saves he always managed to do. He yawned.

Dum de dum de dum deâ€œ"

"Crap," he sighed as he saw assorted flashes of CT colors fly past the door. Sometimes it sucked to have the All-Seeing Scope. He clicked his radio. "Enemy spotted. Heading up from CT spawn," he said lazily. "Hold your positions."

The sniper assumed a firing crouch and brought the Steyr to his shoulder. Hmm... The CTs look intent on going for Bomb B doors. Oh well. Wait. Hmm. One guy with a scout...

He snapped the crosshair over the SEALs forehead, gave a little bit of lead, and squeezed the trigger gently. One rule for snipers: never jerk the trigger. That led to misalignment.

Of course, just like MJâ€"Jordan, not Jackson, dear Godâ€"shot true, the bullet flew straight, right into the CT's forehead.

"Boom, headshot," Churchill said, minus the inflection of the legendary FPS Doug. "Take that, ya poontang."

He worked the bolt of the scout and brought the scout back into firing position. He looked at the thoroughly dead SEAL. Crap. The shot had been off like an inch to the right. Fudge it. Perfection only existed in the mind of Allah. Or whatever Muslims always said.

News looked good so far. Only Scedu, Bizzly, Nox, and Maoâ€"haha thereâ€"were down. When would Mao ever learn that his blindâ€"and utterly individualâ€"rushes did jack for the team. Oh well. Silly admin.

"_Church! THEY'RE COMING FROM LONG A! WATCH OUT_!" the voice of Chairman Mao sounded in his head.

"Uh oh," Church drawled to himself. Let's see... what could be a good spot? The CTs down there were heading for Bomb B double-doors, so the goofs Mao was talking about were going toâ€"

"_MOVE_ _CHURCH_! _They're going to go through our spawn!_"

Right. He knew it.

He slung his Scout and swung himself over the ledge, into the little pass where he'd been looking. The boxes would give excellent cover until the completely unknowing CTs ran by him.

And then he could cap the back of their heads out through their teeth. Fun times.

* * *

>Counter-Terrorists

Bob Long giggled to himself. He was gonna get himself a Mao coat. Or Mao hat. Ooh! A Mao head! Screaming in terror! For the den!

Too bad Pherbee or Smoke or whoever might blow him away before he and the four others got to Bomb B, but whatever. There would be jumiliation this round, for sure.

He ran up the ramp that led to T homespawn. Er... no one there. Cool,

that meant they were at B. He shifted the grip on his Desert Eagle.
"Mao, mao, mao..." he cackled.

"Uh... Bob?" Bob heard JB say.

"What?"

"Mao's dead."

Bob came a halt. What? Fucking _NO_ _WAY_! "What do you mean he's dead? He _can't_ be dead! I need to shank his ass!"

"Dude. We naded his ass at Long A. I got the kill, I think. Rudy has Mao's AK."

Nooooooooo!

Bah, he'd get Mao next round. In any case someone was going to get their ass gigged.

But dammit...

"Next time you _don't_ touch Mao, k?"

"Well, fuck you too Bob. Next time my ass is getting shot at I'll just show them my nice white cheeks andamp;"

And then Jmartini's head blew off.

* * *

>Terrorists

Caboose blew air out of his mouth. Chief was currently carrying the package, and the teamamp;"helpfully lead by one semi-suicidal administratoramp;"had gotten into Bombsite B without any hassle. Weird. Usually there would be a welcoming committee sometime soon after the first rusher got in. No one home.

Oh well, easiness was not something to complain about. Oh well.

"Cover me!" called Chief into the team radio as he began the arming sequence of the high-yield explosive. There was a series of beeps as Chief completed the timer count and set the bomb smack dab on the red X on the ground.

Now, time to wait it out.

"Hold your positions!" Solza called to the team. There was a rumble of assent.

Caboose shifted his Galil and waited.

"Enemy spotted!" screeched Dick as he opened fire at something from the hole in the front wall. 5.56mm rounds cracked out at some target.

Until the Guerilla flew back from the hole, his body riddled with ugly holes. Damn, Dick was down.

"Tunnel's clear!" called Rock out as he and some others sidled back, ready to reinforce the front door.

"Hold! Let them come to us!" called Solza.

* * *

>Counter-Terrorists

SHIT! Bob mentally yammered as JB's mostly headless corpse flew back. Damn! A sniper!

He bolted for the tunnel. Let the sniper follow... and he could ambush.

Incog nearly wet himself. It had to be Churchill! Holy crap, he was going to die. He lifted the scope to his eye and wildly looked towards T homespawn. Omigod, where wasâ€

Oh, _shit_.

Too late, he saw a Phoenix with a scout.

Ohâ€

Rudy cursed and ran. He felt something puncture his left shoulder. As he got behind the wall that separated T homespawn from the tunnel area. Damn! How the hell did the sniper know when and where to hide? God...

There was a splattering sound. He turned to look behind him... and saw the headless body of Incog fall to the ground, twitching. Craaaaap.

Phew. He was safe. Now... he took a look at his health indicator. He was a little below the fifty percent mark. Thank Bob for kevlar...

Bush yelped as a bullet whizzed by his ear. Damn, so close, so fucking close. He pulled his M4 closer to his shoulder and ran.

What the hell? It was only him and Rudy. JB, DC, and Incog were all splattered, but he hadn't seen Bob take it. Oh well... he had a bomb to defuse...

Bob waited behind the arches, on the tunnel side. He heard running footsteps. The sniperâ€probably Churchill, the bastardâ€was coming closer. Oh yeah, time to cut him some shiny new T. He drew his knife and grinned.

Terrorists

Churchill huffed as he ran with his deagle out. He _might_ be able to catch up to their penises andâ€

"_BEHIND_ _YOUUUU. KNIFER!_" Mao's voice resonated in his head. Eh? What the? Knifer? What wasâ€

"Son of a mother!" yelped Churchill as he turned, the GSG-9's knife

barely missing his face. Almost panicking, he leveled the Desert Eagle into the counter-terrorist's stomach and squeezed the trigger. The enemy jerked... but he kept on coming! Crap!

He screamed as the knife jabbed into his side.

But now he had time.

He leveled the gun into the GSG-9's chest and slammed two rounds into the CT's torso. The terrorist dropped.

Churchill panted as he felt his wound. Not a horribly bad stab. He'd finish the round.

He groaned and headed off towards the tunnel.

And then he heard rifle fire coming from inside. Oh dammit. The fighting had started without him.

* * *

>Counter-**Terrorists**

PheerMee advanced towards the Bomb B double doors, keeping out of sight. No mean feat for a guy as big as him, but not impossible. It was good he had taken a Sig-firing T out before it had killed Bar.

He saw white letters appear in the sky.

"**Come and get the bomb, CTs lol**."

Had to be Caboose. Only Caboose used "lol" as a grammatical punctuation mark. Meh.

Pheer dug around for a grenade. Ah hah. There. He pulled out his reskinned grenade. It was a blue-furred furby, complete with creepy eyes and mobile beak. There was a little plastic tag on it that read "This pherbee does not phire a phamas, but you should still pheer it."

God, different models were so cool.

He punched its beak with a fingerâ€”the equivalent of pulling the pinâ€”and chucked it through the door.

Just as four others exploded.

* * *

>Dead **Zone**

"What. The. Fuck," Bob sobbed brokenly. "What. The. Fuck."

"Eh? I was AFK for a minute to get Cheetos," said JB. "What's up with Bobby?"

"He was 'bout to knife Churchill, but Churchill blew him away," said Nox. "He can't get over it."

Behind them Bob Long continued his litany of "what the fuck".

Toaster looked around. Mao seemed a bit odd. Not quite smiling, but he had a smirk in his eyes. Huh. Weird as hell.

"Fuuuck!" the Dead Zone players heard as Chief Justice materialized in their ranks. "That was gay. I got nade spammed!"

"Join the club," Mao sighed. "By the way, Pherbee hit you with a, uh, furby. Hah hah, killed by an obsolete furry children's toy."

"Shut up, Chairman" Chief sighed. Oh well, Mao deserved to rib him for it. A furby, eh? He'd show PheerMee a furby...

"What. The. Fuck. What. The. Fuck," Bob moaned.

"Oh, Jesus, somebody shoot him already," ground out Bizzly.

"We're dead already, smart one," shot back Dick.

"Oh, yeah," said Bizzly after a pause. "Right."

"It doesn't look good for the CTs," remarked Sceadu. "The Ts have got some pretty good positions..."

"What. The. Fuck."

* * *

>Counter-**Terrorists**

Smoke hurled the flashbang through the door and followed it in the moment it exploded. His silenced M4 coughed, and a Phoenix with a Galil flew back from the door. Smoke shifted aim and stitched holes in a Krew. Thenâ€

Boom.

Shit, Smoke had just eaten a burst from a Sig 552. Billy charged in with his shield up, running towards the nearest terrorist, a Krew. However, instead of crouching and firing, the T got up and charged _him_. What the hell?

White letters appeared in the sky again.

"**Dammit Smoke lol I was typing**!"

Oh shit. The cumbersome shield made it impossible to outmanuever the more nimble T. Omigod, he was going to get flanked and shotâ€

The power of Mao's AK would lend him the power... it would have to! He leaped out of the tunnel and began to pound shots at the terrorists. Two flew away, riddled with holes, and he had to contend with a Krew that had just shot Billy. The T dodged like mad, and Rudy's aim was a bit off. He heard Bush die behind him.

Shit

He felt the Power of Mao infuse his very cells, and he scored two

solids hits to the Krew. Wait almostâ€œ

* * *

>Terrorists

Solza swore. Damn, he was down to friggin' one healthpoint! Someone could fucking sneeze on him andâ€œ

The Fa-Mas SAS was taken out rather quickly, but not before he killed Solza.

Street readjusted his Sig, took down one last GIGN, and waited.

Nothing.

He lowered his gun.

Terrorists victorious!

6. Round Two!

T vs. CT: DUST2

By

Gregory P. Wong

* * *

><p>ROUND TWO

* * *

>The round went in the favor of the Counter-Terrorists. Though the bomb managed to get planted at B again, the CTs charged in amid a hail of flashbangs and easily took the bomb site. <p>Mao, of course, was shot while exiting Long A, much to JB's delightâ€œhe'd shot Mao in the face point-blank with a AUGâ€œand to Bob's consternation.<p>

Solza faced off against Smoke out front, and it was close, but Smoke won through.

Bob still didn't get a knife kill.

Rudy picked up Mao's AK again and killed four terrorists. The magic was undeniable.

>>Bizzly dropped

>>Bizzly has left the game

>>The Brave lil Toaster dropped

>>The Brave lil Toaster has left the game

>>Myg0tNoDice has joined the game

>>Myg0tNoDice has is joining the Counter-Terrorist force.

>>Les Enfants Terrible as joined the games

>>Les Enfants Terrible is joining the Terrorist-Force

7. Round Three!

T vs. CT: DUST2

By

Gregory P. Wong

* * *

><p>ROUND THREE

* * *

>It was, well, utter slaughter. The hacker, Dice, using his wallhacks and aimbot, took out the entire Terrorist team. There were cries for his blood from both his teammates and enemies.<p><p>

* * *

>Counter-Terrorists

Caboose shook his head. Mao had already accessed the hacker's console and copied the cheater's STEAM, so that bastard would be banned. It was time for the other standard procedure, the screw, which wouldâ€”

"Caboose? Could you do something for me?" Caboose heard Pheermee's voice say over the administration radio. "I want you to do something..."

8. Round Four!

T vs. CT: DUST2

By

Gregory P. Wong

* * *

><p>ROUND FOUR

* * *

>Counter-Terrorists

Pheermee watched NoDice. The SEAL lazily twirled his Five-sevenN, which had been the implement of death for several dozen Terrorists. Headshots, all those kills had been.

Hee hee hee...

The countdown timer ended, and it was fun time.

* * *

>Terrorists

Mao, Caboose, and Soldier grinned as they executed their commands. Soldier knew that Pheermee would be doing his, too.

>>amxbury "Myg0tNoDice"

THE ADMIN SAID GET DOWN, Myg0tNoDice!

>>The admin has buried Myg0tNoDice!

>>Amxheal Myg0tNoDice 10000

>>Myg0tNoDice has been healed

* * *

>Counter-Terrorists

"What the fuck, man?" Pheermee heard Dice say in annoyance as the rest of the team left to engage the enemy. Dice was buried up to his waist in the gritty sand. "Seriously, double-yew-tee-eff?"

Pheermee continued to buy guns from the little government kiosk and deposit them on the floor.

"We don't like hackers on this server," Pheermee said as he took off his SAS helmet and mask.

Dice rolled his eyes. Silly. "Dude, what do you care? I'm on your team. We're owning the Ts becauseâ€"

"I want to own the Ts because we're better, not because of shits like you."

Pheermee was grinning, but it was the type of grin you'd expect a lion to make as it came upon a little crippled antelope.

>>amxunbury "Myg0tNoDice"

The admin has unburied Myg0tNoDice!

>>Enable Friendly Fire

Pheermee cracked his knuckles, which now looked very, very large to the hacker.

"Sorry, Dice, but you are now irrevocably fucked."

"Uh... oh shit!" whimpered the other CT.

* * *

>DC stopped for a momentâ€"after shooting the lone Mao, of

course"and listened in on his radio. For some reason, Pherbee had left the mic on...<p><p>

"Oh mommy! Ahh ahh ahh!" came the screams of a hacker over the radio.

He heard a wet meaty noise, like a side of beef chucked punted into a wall.

"Oh shit! That was my"ARGH! Not that! Leave my"FUUCK! Get your hands away from my"NOOO!"

* * *

>Pheermee hummed a completely corrupted "Jingle Bells" as he took the back of Dice's head and slapped his face into the boxes right next to CT homespawn.<p><p>

"Wrestling through the dust, with a wimpy hacker close, oh what fun it is to beat a loser-Dice todaaaay, hey!"

"Not the face, not the face!" sobbed the SEAL as the large SAS smacked said cranial feature into the wood again. And again.

And again

Pheermee hummed some more as he took a hold on the battered CTs legs and swung the body like a really screwed up bat into the stone wall.

"Oh what fun it is to pwn a lousy hack todaaaay, hey!"

Pheermee, leaving a slightly smooshed SEAL on the wall, cracked his knuckles and stepped back to examine his handiwork. Hmm... the plastered CT looked almost peaceful.

Then Pheermee charged the hacker and leaped, feet first, at the pathetic body.

"Drop-kick, PS2 style, _BITCH_" roared Pheermee as his massive feet met the hacker's body.

There was a strangely satisfying crunchy noise from that.

Pheermee rebounded, dropped to the floor, got back to his feet, and examined his handiwork. Not bad, not bad. Dice's own momma would probably shoot Dice now. Considering this carried over to real life, but meh.

The SAS purchased an HE from the government kiosk, and dropped it to the floor.

"Good day, you pathetic fuck!" he said with a smile as he walked away, cocking his Fa-mas's charging bar.

* * *

>Dead Zone

"All done, Caboose!" Caboose heard Pheermee say cheerfully over the

radio.

Caboose had bought it about a minute ago after Bob Long had blown his neck away with a deagle.

He smiled. Time for his best creation...

* * *

>Counter-Terrorists

NoDice groaned. He'd have been dead after the first pile-drive, but the fucking admin had fucking kept him alive so that fucking living mountain could fuck him up. Fuckers.

He spied the HE grenade on the floor. Maybe he'd mess somebody up. It was possible to get a high-damage hit with an aimbot-aimed nade. Cool. Then he'd get a gun again, and someone was gonna get a hurting real bad. FF was still on, losers.

He reached for the HE and closed his fingers around it.

>>amx-screw Myg0tNoDice

The Admin has screwed Myg0tNoDice

>>SCREW THE LOSER Myg0tNoDice!

"_I'M SORRY FOR BEING A LAMER, I SUCK_!" Dice croaked as loud as he could. What the hell? Where had that come from? Heh. Whatever.

Dice got back to his feetâ€"not a bad effort, since almost all the bones in his left leg was brokenâ€"and panted for a moment. Woah, that had been a fucking harsh beating. Too bad. This HE had the SAS' name written all over it.

He pulled the pin from the grenade...

...And stuffed it into his mouth.

"**Caboose: You've been screwed, you hacking loser lol**," read the white text that suddenly appeared in the sky.

"**Mao: Yep. Your faggotry has come to an end**," said another message.

"**Sceadu: Haha, you hacking piece of shit**."

"**Pheermee: You just got served**."

"**StreetSoldier: God, Caboose, I love the auto-suicide part of it**..."

It was hard, with an HE grenade jammed into his mouth and all, but Dice managed a small "oh mommy!" before the grenade detonated.

* * *

>The Counter-Terrorists barely scraped by with a win. It was probably due to the fact that everyone was laughing their asses off when

Pheermee told them what had happened.<p><p>

>>the Brave lil Toaster has joined the Game

>>the Brave lil Toaster is joining the Counter-Terrorist force

9. Round Five!

T vs. CT: DUST2

By

Gregory P. Wong

* * *

><p>ROUND FIVE

* * *

>The battle was quick and intense. Mao was killed coming towards Short A, and Churchill was killed by a lucky shot by Toaster right after the round began. Bob Long managed to knife Caboose, but he was terminated with extreme prejudice by Chief Justice and Solza.<p><p>

The bomb was planted at A, and the CTs were caught off guard. Nox scored three kills as Pheermee, Smoke, and DC ran by the center double doors, unawares.

The bomb exploded, and the round went to the terrorists.

Dice sodomized himself with an AWP that he had been mysteriously allowed to purchase, and though it seemed physically impossible, pushed the trigger with his tongue. It was interesting to note that NoDice had consumed Brussels sprouts and some type of anti-acne medicine, as shown by a thoroughly ruptured digestive tract.

10. Round Six!

T vs. CT: DUST2

By

Gregory P. Wong

* * *

><p>ROUND SIX

* * *

>Disregarding the victory Dice had won for the CTs, the score was tied two-two. This round would be the deciding factor.<p><p>

Dice, hoping that the amxscrew had worn off, charged. He promptly dropped his gun, took his knife, emasculated himself, and threw himself headfirst from the Short A overhang.

Of course, he removed his helmet before jumping.

>>Myg0tNoDice has dropped
> >>Myg0tNoDice has left the game<p>

* * *

>Counter-Terrorists

"Boys," said Smoke, they've been walking all over us every time they get into Bomb B. But here's a catch." Smoke tweaked his radio to make completely sure that he couldn't be overheard by enemy ears. "We wait _outside_ B and let them get a false sense of security. Then we charge in from all directions and rape them."

"Roger!" came the voices of the CTs.

Except of Bob Long, of course. He had his own plans.

* * *

>>>Myg0tNoDice has joined the game
 >>Myg0tNoDice has is joining the Counter-Terrorist force.

Haha, he'd rejoined. Now he'd pay back the fucking admin for all this shit. Just a simple reconnection and that would be all over.

He purchased an M3 shotgun.

And then started walking towards Bomb A.

Yep, everything was in working order. He wasn't trying to buttfuck himself with a sniper rifle, or cut off his own dick, so the screw thingy had worn off.

He swung himself onto one of the green crates, and waited.

He read the markings on the crate.

"_Extremely lethal chemical/viral weapon enclosed. DO NOT BREAK CONTAINMENT. Symptoms of exposure to Compound BLDRDSH-21 include shriveling of the genetalia, defecation of coagulated blood, extreme pain in the trunk region, ringing in the ears, total detachment of the tongue, loss of hair, dementia, and laughing. THIS CHEMICAL HAS NO ANTIDOTE. DEATH FOLLOWS WITHIN TWO HOURS OF EXPOSURE_."

And then he dropped his gun and drew his knife.

To pop open the crate.

This couldn't be good. This couldn't be good at all. In fact... _OH SHIT_!

Dice cried like a slapped schoolgirl as he plunged himself into the vat of chemicals.

* * *

>Terrorists

"Okay guys? Ready? Long A with me!"

Shafter rolled his eyes. After four rounds of total rape, Mao had still not learned. Let the damn commie go and die again. Sheesh. You couldn't teach a chairman new tricks.

The countdown ended. Time to get that bomb to B.

B rush again. Churchill sighed. Same 'ole, same 'ole.

He saw a whole load of CTs running past the doors, towards B.
Woah!

"Solza, enemy spotted. Expect a hot reception."

"Affirmative," came the voice of Caboose." Made sense, since Caboose usually led the charge.

Time for a win. Dum de dum...

* * *

>Counter-Terrorists

Bob Long stealthily moved into Short A and looped towards Long. He was T side of the map, so if he got lucky... maybe there would be Jumiliation Number Dos.

Pheermee had a bad feeling as he passed by double doors. Something wasn't quite right...

Wait... footsteps!

He ripped the blue furby-grenade from his belt, punched its arming switch, and chucked it into the crack between the doors. He was bringing up his Fa-Mas just as a two Ts rushed into view.

His burst-setting weapon chewed the face off of the first T. Down. He shifted aim, but it was low, dammit! It hit the Avenger's left arm and stomach, but that was it. Damn he... oh crap.

Bar stopped in his steps the moment he heard firing. He swung around and nailed the Avenger skin in the chest with his M4. Damn, Pherbee was down. Not a good start. Meh. They had this easily. Ts would stumble right in...

Bar took a breath and ran for his ambush position.

* * *

>Terrorists

Caboose felt like scratching his head. No reception. At all. None. Had Churchill been tripping out or something? Oh well. They were all probably at Bomb A and would come streaming down as soon as the bomb countdown began. Easy as pie.

Nox tapped in the arming code and began the countdown.

Churchill knew something was damn wrong. Where had the CTs gone? Why was there no firing? Damn, that wasâ€œ

Footsteps?

He swung around, taking his eye from his Scout's scope.

Just in time to see a knife rushing towards his face.

* * *

>Dead Zone

Enfants sighed. He had managed to avenge Doogle's death, but that one CT had finished him off. But he'd been lucky.

"I got lucky," he said simply to the large SAS, who had removed his helmet. Enfants casually watched Pheermee nonchalantly dig a cupcake from a satchel and shovel it down with one gulp.

"Not so much. You got me in the head. You had some good shots," Pheermee said with a grin as he munched.

Enfants nodded. Pheermee was a nice guy.

Hmm...

"Hey, what flavor are those?" he asked the CT.

"Chocolate with sour cream icing. Why?"

"Can I have one?"

"Sure. I got like two dozen stored in here. Have a couple."

Enfants nodded, took the preferred pastry, and chowed down.

He took a quick look. Oh well, it looked like the Ts were going to get pwned. Damn.

Churchill felt his face. There wasn't any mark, being in Dead Zone, but Bob had stabbed him in his right temple. God... he'd just gotten jumiliated. Jumiliated. Mao would never let him hear the end of it...

Huh? Where was Mao?

* * *

>Terrorists

Solza wondered where the CTs were. Bomb only had one and a quarter minutes to go. Hmm... Well, offense was a better defense, so maybe it was time to move out.

"Team, go, go, go!" he called. "Storm the front. Surprise the CTs!"

Solza hefted his AK-47 and charged out of the Bomb B doors. He heard other Ts following him out.

Then he felt something slam into the back of his head.

Blackness.

* * *

>Counter-Terrorists

"Bombsite secured. Get around to defusing that bomb," ordered Smoke. Except for Pheermee, Bush, and Incog dying, it had been total rape. Yep, fifteen confirmed KIA Ts.

Waitasecond. Fifteen?

Who was left?

Whatâ€œ

He turned around and faced the tunnel.

And saw the muzzle flash of an AK-47 held in an Avenger's hands.

No! They hadn't gotten Chairmanâ€œ

* * *

>A streamer of sunlight illuminated Chairman Mao as he leapt from the tunnel entrance, AK-47 blazing. Just as apples fell upwards or Bush loved black people, the bullets fired by the shocked CTs hit Mao... meaning not.<p><p>

Mao's AK seemed magical, striking down the enemy where the stood. So fierce was the storm of lead that not one person even managed to hit Mao, much less escape.

Mao, running out of ammunition for both rifle and pistol, threw down his weapons. There was one last thing to take care of, the Chairman knew.

* * *

>Counter-Terrorists

Whoa. It had sounded like a wicked gunfight by B.

Bob, Desert Eagle ready, barreled out of the tunnel.

And, uh, why was the body littered with CT bodies? That wasn't good.

And, shit, the bomb was bleeping like mad. He had thirty seconds at most. Well, thank God for defusal kits.

Then he saw a flash of white. There, the last T! Bob drew his knife. One last jumiliation to win this round... how fucking dramatic. There would be E-movies based on this... the Triumph Of Bob... Hell yeah.

As quietly as possible, he stalked over to where he had seen the

jacket of the Avenger.

Wait a moment... wait... now!

Bob pounced, his knife pinning the jacket.

Huh?

It was a jacket all right, but the T inside of it was missing? The fuck? And why was he... hearing... footsteps. Oh shit.

Bob spun around in time to see a very sharp knife, held by a jacketless Avenger, descending from a jump. Godâ€

11. Debriefing

**T vs. CT: DUST2**

By

Gregory P. Wong

* * *

><p>Debriefing

* * *

>ROUND ENDED<p><p>

FINAL SCORE CTâ€"2 Tâ€"3

VICTOR: TERRORISTS

* * *

>Minus his penis, tongue, hair, and sanity, the Dice the hacker giggled hysterically as he wandered drunkenly through the dusty grounds of Dust2. He didn't even notice the white text that appeared in the sky.<p><p>

"**Got his ID Mao**?"

"**Yep, got it first thing**."

"**Cool. Want the honor**?"

"**Sure**."

"**Lol. Good riddance, damn hacker**."

He heard a crackling. Ooh. Crackling! Hee hee hee! It was so funny! "Crackle crackle!" Hee hee hee.

And then a bolt of Holy-Admin Lightning blasted his head off.

Admin: Ban Myg0tNoDice permanently!

***That went well. GJ Mao**."

***NP**."

End
file.